



K

G O L D N E Y
O N
D E A T H.

TH E Moment our first Parents fell,
Inevitable Death descended on All,
A Portion none of human Race can fail;
That which causes it dreadful or desirable
Is the Hope of Heaven or Fear of Hell,
To be Eternally bless'd or Eternally curs'd.
Therefore as all Mankind are doom'd to die,
And at Death, their Souls to fly
Either to eternal Joy, or endless Woe.
Wise are Those, and only Those,
Who ask, who seek, who strive,
God's Holy Spirit for to gain,
To make their Life comfortable,
Their Death happy and desirable,
Their Salvation sure and certain.

No mortal can know what Death is,
 But those whose Souls are fled ;
 Therefore Human Nature Dying dread,
 And only by Faith in Christ are freed,
 As all must quit this earthly State,
 Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquises and Earls,
 And surrender all their Riches and Honours
 To the Irresistible Arbitrary King of Terrors,
 Therefore it is no Advantage for to die,
 Either worldly Rich or Honourable,
 For all the Pomp, the Pageantry of Life,
 At Death no Consolation brings ;
 For then Glittering Riches and Honours
 Are vain, empty, trifling, useless Things ;
 Tasteless, insipid, disagreeable All,
 Extremely nauseous, bitter, as Gall.
 What has this Life to make it worth our care,
 Pray what mighty Charms are there here,
 What is there in it, that so much endear,
 Which we may be Eternally deprived of,
 And that even in a Moment or an Hour.

Cou'd

Cou'd heaps of Wealth prolong our Fate,
 And stretch our Days beyond their Date,
 Were Life as well, as Pardons sold,
 And Death like Hell, brib'd off with Gold,
 Then the Miser does well to scrape and save,
 To pay in Gold the Debt of the Grave ;
 But since 'tis Vanity, and extreme Folly
 To attempt to purchase Life for an hour,
 Mankind would do well seriously to reflect,
 And Awful Death, thoroughly to consider.
 For at Death could they recall useless Time,
 Getting or hoarding of Wealth covetously,
 Or consuming it in stupid senseless Vanity,
 Luxurious Ease, Debauchery, Vice, Folly,
 What would they then give, Riches and Honour,
 That gave them Pain, and increases Horror.
 If therefore all Mankind must leave this Life,
 And when, or how they do not know,
 But sooner or later are certain to go ;
 Consequently Youth, middle Age and the Old

Can't

Can't possibly take too assiduous a Care,
 In Death's vast important awful Affair.
 For good or bad as Mankind die,
 They must Eternally remain;
 All Hopes then will be in vain,
 To make Peace with Heaven,
 Or to return to their Covetousness,
 Riches, Honours, or Pleasures again.
 Those only have the promise of Eternal Life,
 Who Religiously live, that Goodness pursue,
 Who love God and Christ and Mankind too,
 Let such die young, in full Strength, or in Age,
 It's an Impossibility for such Souls to miss
 The glorious Way to never ending Bliss,
 Where all Joy in full Perfection flows,
 And in an endless Circle move, 8 0060
 Through their Redeemer's dying Love,
 So vast, so great, as none can tell,
 But those happy glorious Souls,
 Who in Celestial Regions dwell.

F I N I S.



The Effigies of

March 1750. Aged 45.

April 20.

Prince of Wales.

Memento Mori

late

Royal Highness Frederick